



Beautifully legible is the handwriting in the autograph manuscript of "Home. Sweet. Home," which John Howard Payne, its author, wrote "just before leaving the United States on his last journey to Tunis, where he had been reappointed consul." The manuscript is on Payne's monogram stationery and dated Washington, March 28, 1851. It brought \$600, which was paid by Mr. Madigan. April 13,163 4

[From Late Editions of Yesterday's TIMES.] AUTOGRAPHS BRING \$14,903

Six Letters by Author of 'Home Sweet Home' Sell for \$1,450.

Autographs and manuscripts by famous authors and others brought a total of \$14,903 last night at an auction in the Union Art Galieries, 45 West Fifty-seventh Street.

Six ietters written by John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home Sweet Home," were purchased by Gabriel Wells for \$1,450. John Gaisworthy's original manuscript of the dramatized version of his story, "The First and the Last," also went to Mr. Wells, the price being \$1,350.

see also (fredups)
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Palace in Paris 300 Years Old

to Be Restored

Known as Palais Royal Where

John Howard Payne Wrote

"Home, Sweet Home"

When John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," wrote "'Mid Pleasures and Palaces," he was fiving in a French palace, the Palais Royal in Paris, which is now to be restored for the International Exposition in 1937. History has it that Payne was disappointed in love during his stay in France, and that fact may have inspired the meiancholy of the song.

The palace he lived in is a rectangular building enclosing an old world garden. More than 300 years old, it has had many famous Americans as well as Frenchmen within its doors. There, in the 1770's, John Paul Jones, navai hero of the Revolutionary War, called to visit the Duc de Chartres and was entertained at dinner, during which the duchess gave him a watch which had belonged to her grandfather, a navai commander, and John Paul Jones promised her an English frigate in return. When he returned to Paris later, he presented her with a sword surrendered to him by an English commander.

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The Palais Royal is also a famous landmark of the days of the French Revolution. There Camille Desmoullns inflamed the people with a revolutionary speech on July 12, 1789, just two days before the mob destroyed the Bastille. Later the palace was a center of fashlon, and it was there that Napoleon used to meet his friends to discuss plans for a new

France.





An exile from home, Splendour dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd Cottage again. The birds singing gaily that came at my call, Give me them with peace of mind, dearer then all: Home, sweet home! There's no place like Home.

Home, Sweet Home, but takes the Hobocs of America at the open house of their king, Jeff Davis, to do the right thing by John Howard Payne, composing a drive for funds to ercct a memorial to Payne; their purpose, to keep children off the road, and as the original fund raisers (could you let me have two bits for a flop, mister?) on the "main drag," success is assured from the start, and irony produces another masterpiece from the life and works of the homeless author of the home's greatest lyric.

Payne himself was a fastidious tramp of the kind we have come to know so well in our own generation; the literary freelance flitting since the war from Greenwich Village to Montparnasse to Timbuctoo to Connecticut (and throw in Bloomsbury, Moscow, Giverny, Taos and Taxco for good measure), following and sometimes finding fortune on Broadway or in the Book of the Split Second. It was Payne's homelessness in the heavy social groundswell following the revolutions and wars of a century or more ago that helped inspire his libretto, praising an American farm cottage in East Hampton, L. I., many think; a song first sung to an old Sicilian air on the London stage of Covent Garden in May, 1823.

Here, in brief, is Payne's wandcring career: born in New York City, of English and Jewish parentage, 1791; at thirteen secretly edited (while clerking in a mercantile house) a weekly called "The Thespian Mirror." Bankruptcy of his father took him out of Union College, and he went on the stage; debut, Park Theatre, 1809, as Norval in "Young Douglas." A great success in this part, he was the rage for months in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and then at Drury Lane, London. His first collection of poems was published in London, 1815. Became a playwright, with many successes in Paris and London; was actor, manager and critic for many years with varying success that ended in failure, chiefly because he lacked business ability. But his country remembered him in need and gave him in declining years the American Consulship at Tunis, where he died, and his remains were buried in 1852; his body was removed a generation later to the nation's capital. Hoboes of America, more power to you in raising funds for a memorial there to this wanderer whose praise of home and settled ways is the most famous ever given!







